

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, May 25, 1811.

[NO. 5.]

KILVERSTONE

CASTLE.

A Tale.

(Continued)

Scarcely breathing with horror, rage, and madness, Audley stepped forward to destroy the fair, the insensible Jessalind his wife! But Heaven seemed to commiserate her condition, and the elements at war, bursting in loud pearls of thunder, seemed to make the earth tremble to the centre. Awakened from the very grasp of death, Ironside once more cast up his eyes and hands, and faltering bid him forbear! The attitude, the accent of his dying friend, seemed to express something irresistible. Soothed a little from the height of his former passion, reason began to take her wonted sway in his bosom. Ironside took advantage of this interval, and raised his body up a little, as much as his strength would allow, spoke as follows:

'If you suspect the virtue of your wife you are deceived. Our meeting here was accidental. I die content, if I should save her innocence.' He ceased.—The blood gushed from his wound in torrents—his speech declined—his eyes grew dim—he fainted—he fell. Audley, like one who heard the awful voice of an avenging angel denouncing desolation to whole empires, stood fixed in horror! His staring eyes shifted their distracted stare from his wife to Ironside! His trembling hands stained with the murder of his friend, convulsively grasped his reeking sword! Irresolute for suicide; irresolute for flight; too proud to seek for sanctuary; and not longer able to endure the horrid spectacle, he got up to seek some hiding place, where he might form a resolution for his conduct. Every place was alike. Alas! Audley found he could not fly from himself, and every object alike afforded him occasion for despair. Too late he proved

the want of suspicion of Polydore : for, from his apparently well-proved faith, he could never conceive that he was treacherous.

He now too late recollects the pious precepts of the hermit at the chase. Too late he finds that the abortive claim, so basely instigated by the Benedictine, was not affected ; and, as a murderer, not only life was forfeited, but his lands escheated to Lord Wentworth ! How dreadful was the prospect of his total desolation ! Divested of his property ; guilty of innocent blood ; a victim due to justice, By one rash act, fallen from the height of human happiness, into the darkest gulf of misery ! Fallen from affluence, from all the sweet joys of virtuous love, domestic harmony, and that heartfelt, self-approving rectitude and honor which can never be so well described as felt. and to aggravate all, and fill up the cup of his afflictions, the innocent and traduced Jessalind widowed in penury, her Lord absent, and she at that very time pregnant.

The first confusion of his mind being a little over, he bethought himself to take an asylum in an adjoining wood.

till the approach of night ; as he was assured, in these walks, the alarm would speedily be spread, and his escape thereby frustrated ; thence, under the favor of darkness, he determined to proceed into the woods, and, at some secure distance, live unknown : till, perchance, a favourable opportunity might present to gain an advocate for the obtaining royal clemency.

How distracting a scene presented itself to Jessalind upon recovery from her swoon, Ironside weltering in his blood, convulsed, and in the agonies of death ! Her husband gone, full of condemnations, jealousy and hatred against his forlorn Jessalind ! ' Then,' cries she, ' all the remainder of existence is given to despair !' With lamentations and dishevelled hair, she fled into the avenue, and strained her voice with incessant calls on her beloved husband ! No voice replied. She flew to her late happy habitation. The domestics, alarmed at her complainings, stood astonished and melted into tears.

Some peasants, who were passing that way, took up Ironside, who yet shewed marks of life : they carried him to a shepherd, who occupied a cot

hard by, and who had the reputation of being well skilled in chirurgery and the virtue of drugs: learning which he had acquired in foreign parts, where he had borne arms. After examining and dressing his wounds, he gave hopes that the principal wound was not mortal.

Whilst these matters were transacting, the rumour spread with rapid wing, and soon reached lord Wentworth's ears; whose officers, like hungry wolves upon the snow-clothed Alps, poured down their rude rapacious bands on the estates of the unfortunate Audley. They beset the mansion house; possessed themselves of all; and with a brutality peculiar to their office, commanded the friendless, heart-broken, widowed Jessalind to quit the place. The command admitted no reply; their hardened hearts suffered no compassion; and, whilst her lingering steps hung anxiously on the threshold which she loved, with horrid imprecations they threatened her if she did not instantly retire.

All these transactions took place on a dreadful night; the elements in combustion shook the very ground to its centre.

In short, she was turned out on the most dreadful night ever remembered by the oldest man.

The wretches who executed Lord Wentworth's commission, with conscious guilt, conjecturing the storm was raised by evil spirits, soon fled: and shutting up every avenue to the castle, left it without inhabitants.

Whilst the report of these extraordinary circumstances busied the ear of every villager, poor Jessalind found a friend in a shepherd, whose early years had been fostered by the munificence of the good old Lord Audley, and for whose sake he would venture anything out of gratitude for his beneficence. By this shepherd's friendly assistance, and that of a foreign merchant, with whom Jessalind deposited some trifling jewels, she was enabled to cross the seas over to Normandy, to her father; but whom she was disappointed of seeing, as he was gone to the wars in Catalonia. With the servants that remained she found an hospitable retreat, and seemed for a while to forget her troubles, being resigned to whatever heaven should direct.

The monks of Crowle were not idle amidst these transactions. The priests and the prior, inflamed with the zeal of their hypocrisy, rejoiced in the intelligence, esteeming all these wonders as the bugbears born of credulity and ignorance; and apprehending this a fortunate opportunity to execute their exorcisms, and acquire an impious credit with the vulgar, by exercising the miraculous privilege of chaining spirits by their religious offices, they sought their principal, to crave his license for their visiting the house of the unfortunate Audley. Father Peter was then in close conference with one on business of importance, and would not be disturbed; well judging, it were best for these rash men not to brave the wrath of the enchanting armour. At that very instant Father Peter entertained a visitor, whose friendship was not to be neglected. The grant of Audley's escheated lands already was framing for the records of the monastery; and Polydore was shut up with the monk in his cell, to claim the miserable reward of his inestimable services. Polydore had been gained by avarice and great gratuities, to perpetrate the worst of

crimes. The monk baffled in his former projects, hit upon this soldier as a fit person to execute his base, insidious scheme. This soldier was a fit person to tamper with; for covetousness had the ascendancy of his honesty; and having risen by the fatalities of war, was both unlettered and unprincipled. Ambition was his only passion, and by that he meant to mount the scale of death to superiority.

(To be Continued.)

THE

MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

"Alas!" said she to the Marchioness, with a trembling voice, "all my hopes are lost!—Your son, too faithful to the line of conduct I traced out in my letter, informs me, by his fatal silence, that I must renounce the only happiness that could have made me cherish life. Madam," added she, clasping her hands, "deign to pity my sad destiny!—Obtain my father's permission that I may pass the rest of my days in a Convent!—The world is become my aversion.—I cannot longer remain in a place where

every object recalls to my mind the ungrateful, the perjured Eugenio! In the name of Heaven do not reject my prayer!— Promise me to solicit, this very day, the permission I require of my father.”

An exclamation of joy was on the point of escaping the Marchioness, but she recollected herself, and assumed an air of sadness, which the credulous Virginia attributed to her affection and concern.

After having sought to make her change her resolution, the Marchioness, with her usual address, used arguments to confirm it. She then promised to speak to the Marquis; but that promise appeared to Virginia to have resulted from a conviction of its necessity, and not to have been sanctioned by her feelings.

On that same evening, the Marquis announced to his daughter that she might dispose of her future destiny as she thought proper; he appeared extremely agitated, and the Marchioness avoided leaving them together a single instant. She spoke much of the abbey of San Cipriano, of which her sister was Abbess; commended the insulated situation of that Monastery, its fine air and

beautiful gardens, and seemed desirous that Virginia should give it the preference.

“I will conduct you there myself,” said she; “I will recommend you to my sister; and I shall be in some measure consoled for the loss of you, by the reflection that I have placed you under her care.”

Virginia, who was indifferent with regard to the Monastery to which she retired, provided it was at a distance from Torre Vecchia, willingly consented to make choice of the one the Marchioness had mentioned; and her departure was fixed for the next day.

At seven in the morning, a post-chaise was got ready, by order of the Marchioness. The servants, with grief in their hearts, and tears in their eyes, placed Virginia's trunk behind the carriage: a kind of gloomy consternation reigned throughout the Castle—nought was heard but sighs, murmurs, and regrets. Virginia was the only one who appeared calm and tranquil; her countenance was usually animated; a degree of self-exultation seemed painted in her eyes, and expressed in her actions. previous to her departure she threw herself at her father's feet, and de-

manded his blessing. The Marquis raised her up with affection, and for some moments pressed her to his breast; a dreadful paleness overspread his countenance and he seemed ready to faint.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" said he, 'I bless you!—would to Heaven that—'

'Do not wound the sensibility of your father,' said the Marchioness, hurrying Virginia to the carriage.

'Madam,' exclaimed the Marquis, 'do not forget the promise you have given me.'

A gester of the Marchioness prevented his proceeding with what he was on the point of saying. He returned to the parlour, and threw himself in a chair: but when he heard the noise of the carriage which was conveying his daughter from him, he rose, and rushed with precipitation out of the house.—'Virginia! Virginia!' he repeated, while his sighs nearly interrupted his voice.

Virginia could no longer hear him, and not a single servant was on the spot to stop the chaise; they were all occupied with the good Laurina, who distracted with grief, and

refusing every kind of consolation, called incessantly upon the name of her beloved mistress, and exclaimed—

'My God! my God! never shall I behold her more!'

(To be Concluded next week.)

SELECTED.

For The Lady's Miscellany.

EXTREME PARSIMONY.

A few days ago died at Pinner, in Middlesex, Daniel Dancer, Esq. a man who quitted this earthly stage, not more remarkable for his worldly riches, than for his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessities of life, he has left property to the amount of 5000*l.* a year to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. During his last sickness, Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him laying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt, remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation; when he replied, that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the

same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, and he immediately ordered his old servant, named Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose.

Whenever he had occasion to obey the dictates of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in manuring his own land; nor did he ever afford his old horse any more than two shoes for his fore feet, deeming those for his hind feet an unnecessary expence.

So perfectly penurious was he in his disposition, that, rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourse to the pot-liquor of Lady T.'s kitchen, of which he would swill so enormously, as to be obliged to roll himself on the floor to sleep.

His house, which captain H. now possesses, is a most miserable building, and has not been repaired for half a century; though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently discovered to be immensely rich within, Captain H. having at different times found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs.

He generally had his body girt with a hay-band, to keep together his tattered garments; and the stockings he usually wore had been so frequently darned and patched, that scarcely any of the original could be seen, but which, in dirty and cold weather, were thickly covered with ropes of hay, that served as substitutes for boots. His whole garb, in short, resembled that of a miserable mendicant, begging charity from door to door.

The trite adage "What's bread in the bone," &c. was fully verified in this man, who seems to have been the principal branch of a *thrifty tree*, every scyon of which was of a similar texture.

He inherited a considerable property by the death of a sister, who exactly resembled him in temper, and who, had she lived in the dark ages of Gothic Superstition, would probably have been mistaken for a witch, and burnt at the stake in consequence. She seldom quitted her obscure residence, except on being roused by the noise of hunters and their hounds, when she would sail forth, armed with a pitchfork, in order to check the progress of the intruders on her brother's

grounds ; on these occasions, she had more the appearance of a bundle of rags than of a human being.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XXVII.

SATURDAY, April 28, 1811.

Nisi utile est guda facias stulta est gloria. Phæd.

Arr. Speculator,

As I have found that you take a pleasure in fostering the attempts of young writers, and having thus emboldened a number to submit their lucubrations to your inspection, with the hope of having them ushered into public notice, under your patronage ; I have ventured to communicate, for the same purpose, a few lines.—*On the good effects of early patronage*, to those, who are emulous to improve themselves in laudable pursuits. It is an undoubted fact, that merit, in general, is accompanied with much modesty. It is a retiring, not a brazen quality of the mind,—Like a truly virtuous woman, it shuns the public gaze :—and like her too, is courted and esteemed, when discovered and known. But in order to be known, it must be countenanced and cherished.

It is owing to a want of the kind hand of an assiduous friend, that,

“ Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And wast its fragrance in the desert air.”

Cleanthes is a youth of ‘great and early promise.’ Confined in his pecuniary concerns, too much of his time is taken up in the ordinary concerns of life, to admit a due cultivation of his mental faculties. The germes of worth and excellence are in danger of being plucked by the chill hand of penury. Powers, which, if cherished by a friend, would expand, and blossom, and yield, say, sixty or an hundred fold, are in danger of premature decay, or useless application.—The order of mind which he possesses, and which might be directed to the noblest purposes, may receive a fatal bias, which morality will in vain, endeavour to check. The delicacy of feeling which characterizes him, may be blunted by neglect, and then, may become the torment of his own life, and the destroyer of his friend’s repose.

Want of proper encouragement may snatch forever, from his Country’s service, a man whose wisdom and energy at a future period, might prove

her strong bulwark ;—whose eloquence might rescue her from destruction ;—whose arm might shield her from the assaults of her enemies ;—whose counsel might raise her to greater glory.

Reverse this picture. Encourage Clemhes. Place before him motives to application. Introduce him to an acquaintance with the long list of worthies whose names adorn the annals of our race. Fill his soul with the noble desire of devoting his services for the good of his fellow man ; To this end, teach him to eradicate the despicable principles of narrow selfishness, and implant in his soul the fruitful seeds of general beneficence. In addition to this, excite him to traverse the delightful regions of literature, to pluck the rich fruits and delicious flowers with which they abound, and to distribute them profusely to the world ; and you perform a service, which your Country will applaud,—which the honorable will admire,—in which the beneficent will rejoice,—which will be countenanced and admired by the virtuous, and which, above all, will meet the approbation of rewarding Heaven.

MARCUS.

*** Upon a reperusal of the piece signed *Hector*, I do not feel inclined to give it publicity without much alteration. I am not often in the habit of making very lengthy apologies to my correspondents, still in the present instance I consider myself in some measure bound, to notice the production in question, the editor, gave a promise (during my absence from the city,) that *Hector*, should have a place in the Miscellany, and so he possibly may, yet really as the case now stands, I strongly suspect that *Hector*, has found a mindingly good piece in some Old Authors, and spoiled it in the alteration, I have something very like the style in which he *Hector*, writes, but as I cannot immediately lay my hand upon the book—I shall dispense with the production altogether until the ensuing week—Hectors second favour, I have not yet had leasure to examine ; it shall be attended to, but, if I find him err from the principles of originality—he may rest assured of receiving from me a lash, the smart of which he will not speedily forget.

W.

Extempore on the sight of a Dance.
How ill the motion with the music suits
So once play'd Orpheus ; but so danced
the brutes.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....
VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

The late Dowager Lady G—y, who was a remarkable *peripatetic*, and often walked in the Park, unattended, was one day watched, and accosted by a person of very decent appearance, with—" *your money madam, or—*" and shewed a pocket pistol! "You are (said her Ladysnip, in a great fright, and in a great passion,) a very *imprudent, audacious fellow* and you will certainly *come to be hang'd—you can't escape—what! rob people in the King's Park, and close to his Palace;*" and while she continued emptying her pockets to him of every kind of thing they contained, as well as her money. The fellow bowed, thanked her, pleaded his distress, &c. and went away. Her Ladyship called after him, " *Hark'e, Mr. Highwayman, come back here you forgot my watch; take that too, pray!*"

Where will the creative genius of man stop!—A Chorley mechanic has invented a ma-

chine to thrash, winnow, and grind; it will also churn, scrape potatoes, rock the cradle, and darn stockings!—He calls it the *good house-wife*.

Mr. Neville, known to the republic of letters, by his elegant imitations of Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, was distinguished by many innocent singularities, uncommon shyness, and a stammering speech. Dr. Caryl merrily observed, that when he used bad words he should talk fluently enough. A sudden address from a stranger would disconcert him beyond conception. In one of his solitary rambles a countryman met him, and enquired the road.—"Tu-u-rn, (says Neville,) to-to-to and so on for a minute or two;" at last he broke out, "*D—n it, man, you'll get there before I can tell you!*"

The late Dean Swift, of eccentric memory, once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's church, Dublin, the proximity of which disgusted many of its auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind, he took great care

to avoid falling into his former error :—His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord ; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The Dean, after repeating his text in more than commonly emphatical tone added, "Now, my dearly beloved brethren, you have the terms of this loan ; if you like the security, down with your dust," It is worthy remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

—
Scraps from London Papers.

The amateurs of pugilism mustered in full strength yesterday, at St. George's row, Paddington where two battles took place for 50 guineas each, with an addition of subscription purses. The candidates who set to, were *Spicer*, a coaster-monger, one of Caleb Baldwin's pupils, and a ten stone *Black* of reported courage. Caleb Baldwin seconded *Spicer* and *Richmond* did the same by the *Black*. In the first round the *Black* nearly closed his adversary's eyes, but he had strength against him, and it prevailed after a battle of half an hour, with a great deal of punishment on both sides.

Maddox and Cottrell.

A second battle took place betwixt two veterans, *Cottrell* having fought twenty-six battles, and never was beaten but by *Horton*, who was beaten by *Crib* ; and *Maddox* has fought even oftener, and in his best days stood high on the list.—This battle lasted 35 minutes, during which the combatants were fully employed. *Maddox* pursued his system of going in and miling, and *Cottrell* retreated and hit with both hands, with considerable force ; *Maddox* was compelled to give in by loss of strength.

—
ANECDOTE.

The following whimsical circumstance and peculiar coincidence, it is said, actually took place some time past :—

A boat ascending the Ohio river, was hailed by one coming up, and the following conversation ensued : What boat is that ? The *Cherrystone*.—Whence came you ? From *Redstone*. Where are you bound to ? *Limestone*. Who is your captain ? *Thomas Stone*. What are you loaded with ? *Millstones* and *grindstonets*.—You are a *hard* set to besure, take care you dont go to the bottom—farewel.

At a fox hunt, on the 8th instant, in the parish of West Kilbride (Scotland) a young man fell from a place called the Three Sisters, the highest point of that elevated and precipitous ridge, called Arseil Bank, a height of about 180 feet to the bottom, upon a bed of small stones, and astonishing, to tell! was taken up, not only alive, but without a broken bone, and walked the distance of about five miles the third day after.

THE BITTER BIT.

A gentleman of considerable fortune in the neighborhood of Whitby, tenacious of the game upon his manor, lately found an unqualified person shooting, and not only seized his gun, but carried him before a magistrate, who of course levied the forfeiture, which was paid. He then assured the justice that he did not complain of the exaction of the penalty, because he knew it was conformable to the law; but of the abuse lavished upon him by his prosecutor, had been accompanied with a multiplicity of horrid oaths, he considered it as a duty incumbent to be his accuser in turn. Having therefore given evi-

dence against him in form, for swearing *forty oaths*, the magistrate was in consequence of this deposition, unavoidably obliged to fine the gentleman ten pounds, half of which went to the poor of the parish, and the other half to the informer.

An advertisement in one of the provincial papers, mentioning the intention of a Squire to treat his neighbors with a great variety of Christmass gambols, announced that, for the entertainment, encouragement, and recreation of gentlemen gamblers, a gold laced hat, which *costs* twenty seven shillings, would be bowled for in the open air! After enumerating many other elegant amusements, it concluded that such brave fellows as wish to produce proofs of their prowess, to the delight of their sweethearts, should have an opportunity of boxing for a capital bran new pair of buckskin breeches!

Mr. Joliffe's proposition for putting the men *milliners* in a state of *requisition*, has so much alarmed the fraternity, that many of them have put themselves into *petticoats*.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, May 18, 1811.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the time

CORONER'S REPORTS.

May 10. Drowned, Anthony, a black man, slave to John Stryker.

Same day. Isabella M'Connell, found dead in bed, by the side of her husband, from intemperance and convulsions.

May 20. Diana Johnson, taken up in the harbor near Governor's Island. Was at the fire the day before—suddenly missed, and not found till as above. A black woman.

May 21. Elizabeth Boatman hung herself in Mulberry-street.

On Saturday morning last, the body of a newly born infant was picked up on Staten-Island shore, near the quarantine ground. A more beautiful infant was never seen. Where is the monster that has been guilty of a crime so enormous?

FIRE.

Poughkeepsie, May 15

About one o'clock on Saturday morning last, the brewery of messrs Vassars, of this village, was discovered to be on fire, and before sufficient assistance could be procured, the building was so completely under the controul of the devouring element as to render all exertions unavailing. The building, with nearly the whole of its contents, was burned to the ground. The fire is supposed to have communicated by accident. The loss of property is estimated at 17,000-dollars.

The destruction of this valuable establishment is a matter of serious public regret. The production of Vassars brewery was in as great repute as those of any other similar establishment in the country, and bid fair while they diminished the pernicious effects which ardent spirits have upon society, to facilitate the manufacturing interests, of this town. It is to be hoped the proprietors will be successful in their attempts to put their works again in operation.

Mr. John G. Vassar, on Monday morning last, in the act of entering one of the large ale-butts, which had been preserved from the flames, was so much

affected by the mephitic air, confined in the butt, that he was taken out apparently lifeless. He continued in the greatest degree of agony, till yesterday afternoon, when he died.

On letting down a lighted candle into a butt similar to that which Mr. Vassar entered, it was found that the blaze extinguished at 6 inches from the entrance.

The extensive Accademy and dwelling of Jacob Mordecia at Warrenton, N. Carolina, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 27th ult. The fire originated from a candle, left burning by one of the boys. It is a miracle, that none of the pupils received the least personal injury.

HORRIBLE CONFLAGRATION.

On Sunday Morning last, about 10 o'clock, the coach house of R. P. Lawrence, was discovered to be in flames, which (we believe) originated in a Cabinet-Makers shop adjoining it.—And in about 15 minutes, there were several buildings in flames, on both sides of the street.—The wind blowing very fresh from the N. E. which spread the horrible conflagration, and almost bid defiance to our great exertions.

In addition to the unfortunate sufferers by the late fire in Chatham-street, as mentioned in our paper of last evening we have to add the following, as being among the principal sufferers and altogether uninsured:

Widow Nestell, two houses, loss \$5000
John Nestell, a dry good store, 4000
Alexander Fink, two houses, 4000
James Langley, a house and store, 3500
Francis Glass, a tinware store, 1000
Widow Hannah, a grocery store, 500

List of sufferers in Chatham-street.

Elbert Anderson, jun. No 48, owner and occupant. Doctor Caugnacq, druggist, 41 1-2, house owned by Gen. Bailey and E. Anderson, jun. Moses Lopez, broker, 46, house owned by Gen. Bailey. Peter Martin, watch-maker, 62, house owned by Thomas Western, John Gray, broker, and Samuel Redman, umbrella-maker, 70, house owned by T. Western. F. Glass and Co tinmen, 29, W. J. Labhart, clock and watch-maker, 31, Christian Rook, 35, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Andrew, 33, M'Laughlan and Nestell, day good store, 41, James Langley, grocer, 47, James Brown,

dealer. 49. Michael Cashman, grocer, 55. J. Ask, grocer, 57. Philip Becanon, porter-house, John L. Moffat, 50. Herman Osburgh, manufacturer of paints, 53. Bartholomew Plain, picture-maker. Isaac J. Mason, upholsterer, 51. Samuel Mayo, fruiterer, 63. Wm. Cooley, jeweler, 57. Richard P. Lawrence, coach-maker, 56. John M'Kay, china store, and Noah Bartlett, 58. Peter Kirby, dry good store, corner of Duane-street.

Mary Gilbert, and Thomas Ringwood, 52. Benj. Hiltie, china stores, one of which he occupied, John Muston, porter house, 42. Wm. Mooney, 3 houses occupants not known, Adam Logan, watch-maker, 45. Leonard Gates, blacksmith, Vanhusan & Vanpelt, Shoemakers 54. M. Townsend, grocer, corner of Duane & William-streets.

The amount of property destroyed has not as yet been ascertained. Owing for want of room, prevents me from giving all the sufferers (which is about 40 or 50 more than what I have mentioned,) names.

Activity Rewarded. The seaman who scaled the steeple of the brick meeting-Church during the fire on Sunday, is Stephen M'Cormick, a native of N. Jersey, with an aged mother & two sisters dependant on him for support. the trustees of the church have rewarded his exertions with a benefaction of \$ 300.

MAD DOGS.

It is said that two persons were yesterday bitten in this city by mad dogs. We hope it is not true; but, we know that at haerlem, some cows and hogs have been bitten; and have been confined or put to death to prevent the horrid effects of the hydrophobia. One mad dog was killed at the Bear Market Wednesday last.

A horse died Tuesday last, in North Moore-street, with all the symptoms of hydrophobia, which was bitten a few days since by a mad dog. And this morning a dog was observed at the corner of Broadway and Wall-street with symptoms apparently approaching to madness.

Drowned, from on board the ship General Hamilton, midshipman GEORGE W. GRAHAM, aged 15 years and 7

months, son to Robert Graham, of this city. The circumstances attending the loss of this young marine, are truly afflicting. On Monday the 13th instant, after an absence of 10 months from his parents and friends, the ship but a few miles below Sandy Hook—he was anxious first to discover his native land—and for that purpose, ascended to the top gallan mast; he had remained in that situation but a few moments, when the mast went overboard, and his body was precipitately thrown into the bosom of the ocean, and his spirit fled to the bosom of his God.

The manly, though ineffectual exertions of the commander and officers of the ship, to rescue him from a watery grave, excites the grateful sensations of his friends.

Married.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Earl, William Willes, esq. of this city, to Mrs Hannah Johnson, of Haverstraw.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Williams Mr. Robert King to Miss Margaret Taylor both of this city.

On Sunday morning last, on Staten Island, by the rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Abraham Jones, to Miss Eliza Van Duzer, only daughter of Mr. Abraham Van Duzer, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Lyell, Wm. Hirst, merchant, to Miss Langley, daughter of the late Mr. Wm. Langley, Architect, from London.

At Elizabeth town, Mr. James Broadberry of this city, to Miss Sarah Terrill, of Rahway township.

Died.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. Peter Ritter, in the 53d year of his age.

On Thursday morning last Mrs Hannah Craig wife of Capt Wm. Craig.

On Wednesday morning last, of a Consumption, Wm. Littlejohn, esq. counsellor at law, from Edonton (N. C.)

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Wm. Cleary

At Almira, on the coast of Africa, Oct. 30th 1810, of the fever, in the 29th year of his age, Capt Samuel Christian, then on a trading voyage from N. York.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



CRISPIN AND KITT:

*Written by a poor broken-hearted Cocker,
on the Death of his Wife.*

'As close as to the sturdy sole,
Is stitc'd the upper leather,
While I on hoofs clos'd many a hole,
We hoof'd thro' life together.

We wax'd in love a faithful pair,
I pris'd her as my awl;
But when at last her end drew near,
Death coax'd her from my stall!

Yet tho my lapstone's now a load,
My strap scarce worth attending;
I trust my Kit now finds abode,
Where souls no more want mending!"

Thus CRISPIN sung in doleful dumps,
Tho' bootless was the stave;
Till eyes that stream'd o'er shoes and
pumps,
Were clos'd in KITTY's grave!

BRUSH:

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

BY PETER FINDAR, ESQ.

The old shepherd's dog, like his master
was grey.

His teeth all departed, and feeble his
tongue,
Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow-
ed by Tray,
Thus happy through life did they hob-
ble along
When fatigu'd on the grass the sheperd
would lie,
For a nap in the sun—'midst his slum-
bers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constant-
ly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down
at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and
the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was
the wind;
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and
rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney
behind

At length in the straw Tray made his
last bed;
For vain against death, is the stoutest
endeavour,
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his
weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and
ah! clos'd them for ever!

Not long after Tray did the sheperd re-
main,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sor-
row would bend.
And when dying, thus feebly was heard
the poor swain,
'O bury me, neighbours, beside my
old friend!"

SHOOTING.

WILD FOWL.

When winter, now, a gloomy tyrant
reigns,
In dreadful silence o'er the ravag'd plains
Involves in sheets of snow the bending
woods,

And throws his icy mantle o'er the
floods,
Close by the harden'd brook whose sul-
len stream
No more soft murmur'ing aids the poet's
dream,
Where, 'midst the matted sedge, th'
emerging flood
With air and life reneweth innu, brood,
The patient fowler stands, with silent
aim,
To watch the station of the watery
game,
Not like the gentle angle, careless laid
In the cold shelter of the summer shade,
But train'd, with hardy snags to defy
The chilly horrors of a wint'ry sky!
While here th' aquatic wild fowl's timid
race,
With wonted pinion, seek the well-
known place,
Where rushes thick the widgeon's haunt
conceal,
The blue wing'd mallard, and the ten-
der teal—
Swift on the various race, with fiery
show'r,
The scatt'ring shots unseen destruction
pour,
With mangled slaughter strews the frost
bound flood,
And dye the sullied snow with gushing
blood!

TRIGGER.

EPIGRAM.

BY THE LATE DR. COOPER.

Life is a jest—the bard averr'd,
Whose nice conception seldom err'd
Yet friend of mine, let me advise,
Be never merry more than wise.
Tis mean unless thou well discernest,
I fear the jest will turn to earnest.

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